See here: I shut tight my weary eyes, As thousands of times I ve done in play. When I unclose them in so't surprise, Ring out a laugh in your sweet old way!

Come to me, come to me, precious one!

I am so heart-sick and sad and lorn:

Naked as nature without the sun, Now that the light of my life has gone. You sleep in the churchyard all alone.

No one to watch by your narrow bed: The wind o'er your tender body blown. And night-dews dripped on your baby-head. No! In the luminous fields above

Angelsanother new star have set; They may surround you with ceaseless love, Shield you from sorrow and sinning-yet

Heaven cannot need you so much as 1! legions of cherubs it had before

Baby, my baby, why did you die? Come to your mother, my own, once more!

Little lost darling, come back to me Lie in my arms as you used to do Here is the place where your head should be: Here on the bosom waiting for you!

## .... OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

Betroit Free Press. The season has now arrived when out-door sports are apropos. The caterpillar has left his den, the mosquito has turned over in bed and uttered a warning shriek, and big green worms are skylarking around on shade trees and betting on their chances of dropping down

behind a man's coat collar. One of the leading lawn sports is called "Push and Cut." It is played with a machine called a lawn-mower. These machines are neatly put up, beautifully painted, and wilmake a racket in any climate. The player seizes them by a convenient handle and pushes them toward the grass on a trot. The game is to find an old hoop-skirt, paint-keg, oyster-can or catsup-bottle in the grass. After two or three lessons the player will be amazed at his good luck in finding these things and making tally marks. Some players take a fly ing leap over the machine when it strikes an old beef bone in the grass, but the rules of the game are liberal in this respect. The player can, if he prefers, rush against the handle and knock a corner off his chin or bang his chestbone back into a corner.

Another interesting lawn game is played as At the supper table the wife remarks: "James, I want ten dollars to fix up my summer silk. Don't go away without leaving

James makes no reply, but manages to slip out of the house unseen. He is stealing softly across the lawn to jump over the fence at the corner, when his wife comes rushing out and "James! James! See here!

He begins to squint into a cherry tree and talk about moths. 'You walk back here and hand over that eash or I'll send for my mother to come and stay all summer! According to the rules of the game he turns and looks at her, and mutters to nimself: That wills me!

"The idea of your skulking off like that! she continues, when he advances, hands out "X," and if he can convince her that he had as soon give her \$20 as \$10, he wins the

Another out-door game is played between ten o'clock in the evening and midnight, in order to avoid the heat of the sun. It is played altogether by married people. Nine o'clock having arrived, and the husband not having reached home, the indignant wife nails down the windows, locks all the doors, and goes to bed feeling as if she could smash her partner in a minute and a half. Along about eleven relock Charles Henry begins to play his part in the game. He is suddenly seen under the kitchen windows. He seeks to raise it. He tries another and another, but the sash won't hft. Then he softly tries all the doors, but they are locked. The rules of the game allow him to make some remarks at this juncture, and it generally begins to rain about this moment. As he gets under the shelter of the garden rake he muses: Nice way to treat me because I found a

stranger on the walk with a broken leg and took him to the hospital." As the rains comes harder he boldly climbs the front steps and rings the bell. After about ten minutes the door is opened, a hand reaches out and pulls him into the hall, and the game goes on "Oh! you vile wretch!"

"Jarling, whaz mazzer-whaz iz it, jar-"Don't darling me. Here it is almost daylight, and I've shivered and trembled, and brought on a nervous fever which may carry me to my grave! "Jarling, I found a leg on the sidewalk wiz broken man, and—!"

This game is always won by the wife Another, and the last out-door game to be described here is called: "Waiting for Her Darling." A woman waits for her husband to spade up a flower-bed. The eastern question absorbs his whole time. She goes out to wield the spade herself. The game is very brief. She tries to dig in the spade by pressing with both feet at once, and when she gets up and dashes into the house she realizes that she rolled over three times and barked her nose against the iron vase, and that four carriages were right opposite the house at the time. She may have speech to deliver when her husband comes

## A Salmon.

so in the rules.

o dinner, but the husband wins the game-it

The water was growing very low and clear. when my eldest son threw his first cast with the small turkey-wing, the least glaring fly in our collection. At the same confined swirl of the current, a dull wave under the hook gave token of the prize which lay below. A long rest followed: then a cast, light as thistle down, allured the wary insect watcher to repeat his effort, with the evident resolve to daily no longer with his prey. Immediately a vindictive plunge revealed both his power and will to use it, by breaking free from so fragile a chain. To my dismay, I now saw that my son had chosen, by mistake, the lightest reel-line in my possession, only intended for sea-trout or grilse, in the clearest water of July! ength, however, was 100 yards; and having perfect confidence in the skill of the fisherman, I resolved not to flurry him with a warning, but to wait in patience until the prize was either lost or won, The fish neither dashed round the pool in terror, nor refused to move in sallen indifference, but with a degree of calm dignity steered along the opposite bank, giving fitfully a revengeful toss which made my heart flutter. Higher, higher, he rowed himself, till he arrived within a few yards of the overhanging trees. If he resolved to pass this barrier, I knew well the alternative was a broken line for the angler, or a jump to the shoulders in the rapid current. At this crisis the fish was turned by wary coaxing, and brought cautiously down to the deep water where he had been hooked. A new danger was here threatened, for the eddy tree appeared provokingly near, and it was likely the huge fish might strike across the river, twisting the line around its branches. Again he was foiled by the coolness of his tormentor, and the up-stream march was resumed. The shades of evening now deepened, and my hopes of a daylight capture were over. The sky was, however, cloudless; not a breath stirred the leaves, and, to our delight, the glorious red harvest moon rose "broad" over the brow of the Avrshire hills. \* \* \* after hour passed away, but "Macfarlane's lamp" was bright in the sky, shedding full light on the river for the working of the salmon. It was nearly ten o'clock at night before the noble fellow began to show symptoms of yielding. "Bring me a lantern, Sandy, as e can never be gaffed by moonlight.' was soon ready and eager with light and steel, The salmon, however, though nearly spent, refused to come within reach of his weapon, and kept lashing the water in foam on the opposite thore. Quick as thought, Sandy dashed across the black stream and reached the fish before he sank. Then poising the lantern for a s ond, up to his waist in the water, he struck his victim with deadly determination; a pause ensued-the light hissed in the river, and was extinguished. Then followed a severe unseen struggle under the darkened bank, when Sandy, plucky fellow that he was, with a grip like a bull-dog, dripping from head to foot, crawled from the deep, shouting, "I ha'e him noo!"-[Loch and Moor by John Coghuhoun.

THREE BOYS, on a recent Sabbath, were stopped on a street in this city by an elderly gentleman, who perceiving that they had buts and a ball with them, asked one of the number this question: "Boy, can you tell me where all naughty boys go to who play ball upon Sunday? "Over back of Johnson's the youngster replied .- [Kennebec

Journal. WHERE THE SINNER WINS -A correspondent wants to know: "Can a Chris.ian go to the circus?" Why, yes, he can go to the circus easily enough, but it will cost him a quarter when he gets there to go in. You see, a Christian is always too proud to carry water for the elephant, and that is where the sinner has the advantage over him in the matter of free passes. [Louisiana Christian Advocate.

THE Indianapolis Journal says that there has been a growing interest shown in Indiana in the state militia since the riot of last July. In the large cities of the state new companies have been organized, and they are com-posed of better men than ever before gave at-tention to state military matters.

Pollywogs have been discovered in northwestern beer. mourning has been changed from black to spotless white,

QUEEN OF SPADES.

[From Harper's Bazar.] In these pleasant days of the year, r esving the bloom of days to come, a haps not pleasauter in their fulfil! And perin their prophecy, one's thoughts curn to the flower beds and all the sweet places from which blossoms are to come: one recalls the fresh and delicious smell of the just upturned earth, as sweet sometime after rain as the scents of flowers themse ves, the delight of the great expectations the which seeds are planted, the patient pleasure of watching the result, the gay faunting of the full grown blossoming thin s at last, and the daily filling of the vases f om their store. In Englar d and in France, and in other

lands as well, almost all la lies do a little gardening of, their own, wearing coarse gloves and shade nats the while, and having too's adapted to their use, and they think they find their acec, ant in it, not only in the flowers themselves and the ornamentation of the spot of ground, but in the health and strength that old Mother Earth loves to give to all who come into close contact with her. It would be a good thing for the health of our own women if the same thing were as general a custom here; and we have no doubt that much of the improved health among them in the last quarter of a century is due to a larger outdoor life than of old, and the consequent better oxygenation of the blood. It does not need the possession of spacious

lawns and gardens for a woman to be able to cultivate her own plot, for of course they would pass far beyond her power, although with the most extended grounds some one little corner may be retained for the private dabbling of the mistress. But if one has on y three square yards of land, it is better to fill it with flowers than to let it run to weeds. In deed, the most brilliant and the most ornamental display of flowers we ever saw was Celia Thaxter's little garden beneath her cottage windows at Appledore, gorgeous upon the background of the sea, not any larger than an ordinary boudoir, and where nothing was set in prim beds, but, as some one has described it, "a yard full of flowers, full to the fence-top, and covering every inch of ground with their glad luxuriance; not a weed anywhere-quite crowded out by these burning, glowing, starry, gladsome creatures, and of which the poetess herself has written: "The barren island dreams in flowers, while b'ow

The south winds, drawing haze o'er sea and Yet the great heart of ocean, throbbing slow.

Makes the frail blossoms vibrate where . h :

stand. It would seem as if none need be so busy that they can not give an hour's work to the preparation of a little garden plot, or to tiny spots of flowers here and there about the grass, and one or two hours at different times during the summer to the care of such places, for it hardly requires more; and they are poor indeed who can not afford the expense of the few seeds and bulbs required, and, to our mind, had better afford them as a luxury, and dispense with something previously deemed necessary, than do without them. Not only is it one of the most gracious pleasures in the world to see the place blossoming that, if your effort had not been made, would be a barren waste, but the flowers themselves repay all trouble in the gentle and sweet excitement that they bring, as you watch day by day the pouting of a bud and the slow unveiling of its bosom, as you see the first sun strike them all tremulous with dew in the morning, as you see them living their sweet life by star-light or moon, and think that if you really did not create this beauty, yet but for you it would never have existed. What else will so small an amount of exertion compass at all comparable in effect with the chasm of a mass of all sorts and colors of flowers, tossing in the wind and shining in the sun? There, in the spring, we will have the snow-drop and crocus and the tulip; the fleur-de-lis, the flower of France and chivalry, whose perfume will, at some time, steal across the senses of our children, long gone from home, and bring back all their memories; here will be a bed of violets sending up penetrating incense, a honey-suckle covering the fence in clothes auty and fragrance, the snow of feverfew, the deep blue of old Canterbury-bells, impish columbines, velvet auriculas and pansies, damask roses and Scotch, and by-and-by the white-roses climbing into upper chamber windows; here will be one burning bed of rose and scarlet geraniums, a stock of vivid blue larkspurs, a gay motley of petunias and nasturtiums; here will be the tropical late white lilies, coreopsis and zinnia, tiger-lilies to absorb the August heats, Mexican sage to give the key to the splendors of the dying leaf, chrysanthemums blooming on the edge of autumn chills, and, anywhere, patches of unkillable four o'clock making rainbows in the morning sunshine. The greater part of such things, once planted, have not to be renewed. but will come up and our next year of themselves. The geraniums need but a morning's potting in the fall, a morning's plunging in the spring, and perhaps not always so much time as that; the bulbs need half an hour's service in taking up and setting out again. the few annuals even less time than that, and the beds themselves hardly more than an afternoon's attention in spading and enriching. And what a multiplex reward the slight expenditure of care and time and labor yields! the tremendous multiplication of a single grain of wheat is nothing to it. You have the loveliness of the flower, the gratification of exquisite odors, the health given by the out-door work, and a certain undefinable nearness to nature obtained in the same way, as if you and nature wrought together; then you have the sense of possession the power of bestowing gifts and compliments in double handfuls of flowers, the means of filling vases and jars and giving a house ornament that amply supplies the place of costlier, since nothing equals the grace and beauty of flowers, and to buy them would be costly work; and you have the constant presence, besides, of things full of associations, and particularly of early associations, when all impressions were made, as it were, on virgin soil, and when flowers carried messages to the young brain and heart that they have never since been able to reach so

As much as all this pleasure is that of pottering among the roots and herbs, when one has once experienced it, with one's own hands; of establishing, as it were, a sort of communication with all the unknown currents of the earth, as one bends over it and burrows in it; and of working off in it all one's little tempers and megrims more healthly and speedily than with the electric needle point or with the soothing pencil, so that every garden becomes little less than a garden of Eden. The pretty work of trowel and spade and shears does one, moreover, another kindness yet: one gets familiar with the sweet brown earth; one grows to love it; all the horro: once held of being laid away in it at last vanishes; one recognizes it as the mother of ereation, and is willing to sleep in that bosom. There comes into almost every family, too, if one ever observes concerning it, a certain re-finement with the cultivation of flowers "mother's flowers' ' are to be respected, flying feet turn aside from them, flying balls go in other directions; the girl is a little more the conscious lady who makes the boutonniere for the brother, the brother is softened for a moment or two from his too exuberant vitality. and years afterward both are the richer for the recollections that some chance pansy, or daisy, or star-of-Bethleham, or bachelor's-butbrings back. For pleasure, then, for profit, for improvement, for the sake of the present and the future, let us all have gardens, if they are even hardly larger than a grave; trusting, too, that in consequence of the stimulation we shall give the love of flowers by our little help, our own graves shall one

day bloom all the brighter in the sun and "blossom in purple and red."

The spring breezes have lashed the apple boughs into a white and pink foam. - The Boston Globe calls upon Edison to invent a truthful gas metre. Can the truth be

- An Ohio man now comes to the front and claims to be the only original Artemas Ward. Are the offices all gone? - The air is so balmy that the young woman who is taking piano lessons can have the window up. This is very gratifying to all of us.

— The deaths of Morrissey and Tweed coming so close together, must have been quite a strain on the obituary writers of the New

York press. - The friends of humanity in this country will be glad to learn that the American min-ister at Paris saw that Bayard Taylor had a dinner as soon as was possible after his landing.-[Danbury News.

"WHERE THE WOODBINE TWINETH." -Speaking of Jim Fisk one is reminded of that expression so frequently used by him, "gone where the woodbine twineth." The origin of this was rather peculiar. Fisk attended to the sailing of the sound steamer every afternoon, and then made direct for his usual haunt of splendid revelry, which was Delmonico's, in Fifth avenue. His best route brought him to Sixth avenue, corner of 13th st., where stood a building covered with greenery, and called the "Woodbine." It was a popular drinking house, and it is said that some of Fisk's cronies were among its pa'rons. It thus became a common thing for him when asked concerning any one, to reply, "Gone where the wood-bine twineth." This year the Woodbine yields to the inevitable law of mutation. The house is demolished and all its memories and associations (to carry out the same figure) are "gone where the woodbine twineth."—[N. Y.

Or. Utica Herald. PRINCE BISMARCK was lately asked in the Reichstag to afford facilities for post office and telegraph officials to attend church on Sunday. He replied that doubtless the mover of the motion felt impelled by the Holy Spirit to make the proposal, but that it would cost three and a half million dollars a year. He then ridiculed "the pharisaical character of the English Sunday." English Sunday.

A CONNECTICUT DOCTOR says that hydrophobia, so common in these days, is because dogs are fed on all sorts of leavings from the table, instead of bread and milk, as fifty years

IMPERIAL FOOT WASHING. Where every Uniform of Austria May be Seen and at Its Best.

[From the Loadon standard.] VIENNA. April 15.-There are no fetes in Easter week, and Vienna is as dull as it can Yesterday, however, we had something better than a fete, stranger than balls or galas-the famous "Fusswaschung." The card of invitation warned us to be seated by fore 10 o'clock. A stately creature in black tunic, breeches, and high boots opens the carriage door. Betwixt a double row of his gigantic fellows you pass without inquiry. It has not yet occurred to the chamberlains of Austria that intruders dare venture in their sacred realm. Through several chambers and corridors, having no beauty beside that of imperial age, one gains the room where amb issadors await the summons of his Majesty. Officers in every uniform, chamberlains in black cuirassed with orders, are talking and laughing by the guiding strip of carpet; but no one asks a question.

Chamber after chamber is threaded, until one reaches the ante-room of the Salie des Reiters-the Hall of Knights. For it was occupied by the magyars of the Imperial body guard, and nothing can be seen beyond or beside these "Immortals." One was conscious of scarlet and silver lace, of swinging leopard skins, of pelisses fur bordered, of yellow boots, sabres trailing to the ground, huge fibulæ of silver, aigrettes of costly plumes, and a universal blaze. The magyars of the gentle body guard wear scarlet tunic and breeches, profusely laced with silver on the ches, at the lappets, and down each thigh. Thrown across the left shoulder, and caught under the right arm, is an ocelot skin, legs and (all complete. An enormous brooch of silver clasps it over the stomach. There are a hundred other costumes scarcely less magnificent, though less picturesque, in the hall, where at length a visitor is asked his right to behold the "Fusswaschung.

Every uniform of Austria is to be seen there at its best, and the best can be equalled only in Russia. Scarcely a man whose chest is broad enough to bear his decorations in one line, yet there are gallant fellows who dare show themselves among this ornamented crowd with a single decoration. These, indeed, are mostly chamberlains and civilians, who have had ill-luck in life. Perhaps the average proportion of medals, crosses, stars and devices is eight per man among this brilliant throng. Scarlet and gold and white, and black and blue, glittering lace, plastrons of bullion, swining cloaks, furs, and sabres make a kalendoscope at the far end of the room. All round sit ladies and spectators in dark cos-

tume, for the court is mourning. Down either side, along the tribunes, is a table laid for twelve, its snowy cloth thick with rose leaves, pulled from the flower and tossed in heaps. By every napkin lies a wooden knife, most quaintly shaped, a spoon, a jug of earthenware, a large tankard, and a little bouquet. Here those veterans who, by surviving life itself, have merited the attention of royalty will enjoy the last, perhaps the first, honor of their long existence. Presently they arrive, ushered, the poor old wretches, by blazing giants of the Garde du Corps. Behind these stately creatures they totter in, supported on either side by relatives. Their dress is a sack-like gown, and their hats are of the long shovel form, which dwells only on the stage and in the traditional eliquette of Austria. Thus "made up" for the performance, the old men are led or lifted to their seats, while a similar procession of dames files to the other table. Such sad survivals of humanity are rarely beheld in the streets.

It was half-past 10 before the small gallery

was occupied by three Grand Duchesses and

their suite; five minutes later the procession appeared. First entered German guards, in red, laced with gold and black afternately from neck to thigh, silver believed, and white plumed. Followed, without order or regulariy, by a crowd of officials, more gorgeous, if that be possible, than those already gathered. Next came a group of Maltese knights, in showy cloaks worked with a huge gold cross, and flat caps, with an ostrich feather twined about them. Princes and dukes, marshals and chamberlains trooped after, chatting and moving from one broken group to another of the procession. A further pause of some minutes brought in twenty-four gendarmes du palais, who carried trays, and vanished behind the tribunes. After awhile a bishop entered, in gorgeous raiment, preceded and followed by choristers and attendant priests. Another break, and then the real cortege of the Emperor approached in monstrous hurrya swarm of magnates in full uniform, fenced with orders as with a breastplate. Count Andrassy marches in the midst, talking with Count Huniady, the Master of the Ceremonies. Both are dressed in Magyar costumes of scarlet, white pelisse bordered with sable, gold and silver, all about them. There is Count Hoff-man, the Finance Minister, gloomy by himself, as he well may be. There is Prince Tour and Taxis, wearing always the honorable patch over his left eye which tells how near he pushed to the German cuirassiers at Sadow 1. There is the Grand Duke Albrecht, in white tunic and red trousers-a small, quiet, uustriking man in speciacles. There go all the other Archdukes, tall and stalwart, among them the Hereditary Prince, in his plain blue uniform. There is not an officer in the rom so simply attired, for the Prince is still no

more than a cadet. The Emperor comes next, a man of fair height, with reddish hair turning gray, and a surprised expression. He hastily takes post at the head of the men's table, while his conso t and the Grand Duchesses sail to the other board. All are dressed in deep black, with trains some ten feet long, upheld by little pages. The Empress, observed and admired by all, most gracefully undertakes her duty. The Bishop recites a service and the choristers respond, while the twenty-four gensdarmes du palais bring up their trays laden with the first course, under escort of the German guards-men. When they are ranged opposite the guests, their Majesties step down and unload each tray, putting the dishes on the table. The Imperial waiters resume their places. On another signal the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses advance, the Crown Prince at the head of the former; the gensdarmes reappear, and their Highnesses replace the untouched meats. Escorted by plumes and sabers, the procession files out, and the next course is brought, unloaded by the Emperor, and reloaded by the Archdakes with exactly the same ceremony. Five times the performance is repeated, until, with the dessert, napkins and bread and jug and tankard, rose-leaves and cloth are carried away, and the table itself removed, tressels and all. A gorgeous banquet the old people have seen, and will pres-

ently will taste, those who have still their The washing follows. Long rolls of cloth are spread along the poor old knees, and the Archdukes on one side, Archduchesses on the other, slip off the latchet shoes and gartered stockings. The gentlemen do their service hastily, with an evident wish to let the curtain fall on this time-honored farce; but the ladies laugh with the old women and each other, sadly delaying the operaton. It is marvellous to observe how they avoid their trains. One must be born a princess to keep ever present in one's mind the fact that a tail is stretching, coiling, yards behind one's feet. At length all is prepared, and at each table a chamberlain arrives, bearing a golden ewer and a napkin. He goes before the Emperor or the Empress, pours a little drop of water on the naked feet, and Majesty, dropping on its knee, touches them with the napkin.

Water in the Ears.

As this is the season when arrangements are

made for summer vacations, a word of advice may be of service to those who are seeking the sea shore. If you don't wish to run the risk of becoming deaf, take a handful of cotton along with your thin clothes, and when you go in bathing, put plugs of cotton in your ears. This may save you from ear-ache, and perhaps from more serious trouble. Dr. Sam. uel Sexton, surgeon-in-chief to the New York ear dispensary, in a recent communication to the Medical Record, estimates that a thousand people of this city are sent to their physicians. be treated for ear diseases, every year. whose trouble has arisen from getting water in their ears while bathing, or from catching cold at such times by exposure or neglect. It appears from the doctor's researches that salt water is peculiarly irritating to the delicate structures of the inner ear. Very cold water of the freshest kind may, however, be equally harmful, and there is a short list of cases resulting from the Turkish bath, two of the patients being themselves physicians. A few instances are cited where the trouble came from using the so-called "nasal douche;" water having penetrated to the ear by the' passage from the back of the mouth. But these are unimportant compared with those where trouble has come from salt water bathing. In all of sixty-five of the last-named cases inflammation occurred; in fifty-seven it was acute. A variety of subsequent damages may accrue, when the trouble spreads; permanent deafness is not among the least of these, and life itself may be endangered. Surf bathers are especially exposed to such injuries, since a breaker may strike them on the side of the head and drive the water into the ear; the same result may ensue if the bather gets a sudden mouthful from an unexpected wave, the water then being torced through from the inner ear. Man, the doctor thinks, is not naturally amphibious. Animais fitted for aquatic life are provided with various arrangements for keeping the water out; seals, for instance, have a movable membrane in the ear, which closes, and shuts out fluid: the muscles of the water-shrew are competent to shut the ear-passages. People who are blessed with very small openings to their ears run the least risk in bathing. A man should never dive, says the doctor, if he wishes to preserve his hearing. When in the surf, he should take the wave on his chest or back, he

"closing his mouth and nostrils;" though how a man can close his nostrils the doctor does not state. But the pledget of cotton for the ears is essential, and every bather should be provided with it.—[N. Y. Tribune. A mob hanged a horse thief in Kansas, and pinned the inscription on his back, "This man was not the noblest work of God."

THE ARRIVAL OF O'LEARY.

The Champion American Pedestrian Again on American Soil. HOW HE TORE THE LAURELS FROM THE BROWS OF THE BRITISH PEDESTRIANS - SIR JOHN

ASTLEY'S GOLD BELT. Mr. Daniel O'Leary, the victor in the great international pedestrian tournament, arrived in the city yesterday. He left Queenstown on the Inman steamship Idabo on May 9. He spent the day visiting friends in various parts of the city, and is now a guest at the Me ro. politan hotel. He leaves for Chicago to-night. Mr. O'Leary left New York for Europe on February 28. He was suffering from a severe cold and had a bad cough, and his friends were fearful that he would break down before reaching London. He says the sea yoyage did him good He arrived in Liverpool in fair condition, and after three days pushed on to London. Sir John Astley had offered a purse of \$2,500 and a magnificent belt to the min who would cover the most ground in six days. The entrance fee was \$50. Oa receipt of this information O'Leary wrote to Meliee, his trainer in his match with Weston, asking him to deposit \$10 with the proper parties so as to place himself properly among the entries. At a late hour he learned that McGee had failed to make the deposit, claiming he had receive I his letter too late. Thereup in O'Leary forwarded \$50 entrance money from Chicago. He did this on the strength of letters received from Sir John Astley, who was anxious that he should walk. The money was received in London three days after the pedestrian lef

New York. From newspapers received in Liverpool, he saw that English sporting men were caviling over his entrance money, and there were grave doubts as to whether he would be allowed to walk. On his arrival in London he visited Sir John Astley, who gave him a written guarantee that the entry should be made, and if he won the walk, he should receive the money and belt. The tournament began in Agricultural Hall at 1 a. m., March 14, three days after O'Leary's arrival in London. There were two tracks, one inside the other. The inside one was reserved for foreigners, and the outside for Englishmen. O'Leary was the only foreigner present, and had the inside track to himself. Its curves were shorter than the outside course, and there were a greater number of laps to the mile. This gave the Britishers a slight advantage.

Before we started," says O'Leary, John Astley made a speech, saying that it had been said that according to the rules for entries I ought not to be allowed to walk. He thought different. Any man who would come 3,000 miles in good faith, supposing that his entry was all right, should be welcomed to such a tournament. And as his entrance money was up before the whole amount was raised, he could not see that the rules had really been violated, and he had decided that the American could enter the lists. hoped that an Englishman would win, but if the American was successful he would see that he got the belt and money.

"Eighteen of us started," continues the pe destrian. "I had eaten a hearty dinner, andgot up from a light supper of tea and toas: just before the walking began. I tightened my belt, gripped my corn cobs firmly, and opened the ball. This corn cob business is a habit. A firm grip on them seems to gird me up and absorbs the moisture of the hands. I have the same two cobs in my trunk now at the hotel, and always carry some with me. You couldn't get such a thing in England. "I ran and walked the first fifty miles," says

O'Leary, "running around the corners, and waiking the stretches. But I quickly felt the effects of the running in the tendons of my legs, and stopped it. It also injured my feel for in running you spring from the ball of the foot, while in walking the heel comes in play. I walked 208 miles before resting, making 117 miles in the first twenty-four hours, and changing my shoes twice a day. On the 209th mile I rested an hour and a half, but only slept twenty-five minutes. In fact, I couldn't sleep. My mind was so excited and my body so sore that I lay moaning, groaning and mumbling, and could get no real rest. So I got me I was twenty seven miles ahead of every body. Then, at the earnest solicitation of my friend Al. Smith of Chicago I left the track for three hours. I didn't think that it was hardly safe for me to do so, for I didn't feel like sleep, and I was afraid of getting stiff and sore. And it turned out just as I thought I got a little sleep in the last hour, and that was all. When again came on the track my nose began to bleed and I found myself very sore and stiff. The bleeding at the nose, however, did me good. It seemed to relieve my head. anxiety of the mind came up. I found that Vaughn had gained on me considerable. He was only ten miles behind, and Blower Brown was within fifteen miles. Gradually the sore ness and stiffness wore away, and my legs got limber, but the right one began to show signs of swelling. Slowly I pulled away from Vaughan, and at 12 o'clock on Thursday night was fifteen miles ahead of him. "Vaughn," continues O'Leary, "is a gal-ant wasker and a good square fellow. We

lant walker and a good square fellow.

watched each other like enemies, but there was no feeling of envy or anger. Of course, vaughan's friends were by far the most numerous. When they handed him bouquets he would pass them over to me to smell, and on the next turn I would hand them back. The wild applause for Vaughan had no effect upon me. But when a little knot of Ameri cans and a few Irish members of parliament got into one corner and cheered me until they were hoarse, the effect was inspiriting. I seemed to put wings on my feet. To inspirhim, Vaughan's friends placed the glittering beit under his nose, saying, 'Look at it boy. Don't lose it. Five hundred pounds with it f you win it, and thousands more on top of that.' On Friday Vaughan was very close to me, and my swollen leg began to trouble me. It was a hard struggle, but after that Vaughan never got within twelve miles of me. When he left the track on Friday night he was fi teen miles behind. I put in two more miles, and was rubbed down and put to bed. I slep for some time, but Vaughan was ever befor me. I told Smith to wake me the instant h appeared on the track, and he did so. All the other Englishmen had given way to Vaughan. They had given him the inside of the track. and he was putting in his best licks. Before I could get fairly going he had gained two miles, but from that time he slowly fell away. My leg was swollen double its usual size, but felt no pain. It was very stiff, however, and bothered me considerable in walking. I knew that if I took another rest with so persistent a man as Vaughan behind me it would become so stiff that I might lose the match. So I ended the long agony by walking eighteen hours without leaving the track. And that is how I came to get the belt. Vaughan had hosts of friends, and he deserved them. If he had won, he would have been the richest pedes trian that ever stood in shoe leather.' O'Leary says that he ate nothing during this long waik. His only sustenance was tea, coffee, and milk, and an occasional suck of an orange. His mind was in such a state that the very sight of solid food made him sick. He entered the tournament weighing 145 pounds and came out of it with a loss of 14 pounds. He rested eight hours altogether, sleeping not more than half that time. He lost three toe nails after the match, but the swelling in his leg soon went down, and he now considers

himself in excellent condition. He says Sir John Astley is right in ascribing his success to the making of his shoes. After the tournament the gentlemen who managed it for Sir John Astley claimed that, though there was no specifications in the agreement, they intended that the belt should not leave England, and that all contests for its possession should be walked in that country. A bitter controversy arose; but Sir John Astley, of whom O'Leary speaks in the highest terms, decided that the oversight was not O'Leary's fault, and he should be allowed to take it where he pleased, on his word of honor

to fulfil the other conditions. He is not its absolute owner until he wins two more successive contests, being compelled to accept the first challenges of those who put up \$500. O'Leary received in money \$3,750. The belt was exhibited yesterday by McSwy ny, O'Leary's friend and shoemaker, at Broadway and Canal street. The sidewalk was jammed with spectators, and the police kept a passage cleared with difficulty. The belt is a massive affair, at least five inches wide, and as long as a surcingle. Seven rectangular silver clasps are joined to a huge disc of gold, bearing in bright blue enamel the following raised

LONG DISTANCE CHAMPION OF THE WOLLD. The clasps are united by silver hinges. The one on the left has the following:

Str J. D. ASTLEY, Bart., M. P., March, 1878 ...... The annexed clasp is inscribed thus:

DANI L O'LEARY o Chicago, U. S. A.,
M.rch 18 to 23 1878.

Distance 520 M.es. in 138 H.ars, 48 Minutes, beating H. Vaughab, of Chester, 5:00 miles; H. Brown, "Blower," of ruiham 476 and 15 others. and 16 others.

The other clasps bear figures in molten silver of the great American champion in Walkng costume. From London O'Leary went to Dublin. where he walked 220 miles in 60 hours. He then went to Cork, where he citizens presented him with a clock of gold and green bronze on a pedestal of black Irish marble, with a wreath of Irish fern surrounding it. It is sur-

mounted by bronze spread eagle, and at the sides are figures of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The two side cups are of gold and green bronze, and each has on it the figure of the eagle, in honor of the land of Mr. O'Leary's adoption. adoption. This clock is now in the hands of the custom house inspectors of this port, who claim duties upon it. O'Leary says that he will return here within a week, and is willing to walk a six days' match in Gilmore's Garden against any two men, they to divide the time between them.-

CURIOUS WILLS.

Peoples eccentricities will manifest themselves, despite strenuous efforts made to conceal them Peculiarities rise to the surface. and are palpable faces to all around, although their owners may flat er themselves that they pass unnoticed. Possibly there are people so fearful of being thought odd that they suppress all outward manifestation of eccentricity during life, and only allow it to crop out in their last wills and testaments. However, this may be, it is certainly an excellent opportunity to be sharp, caustic, sarcastic, or witty at the expense of relatives or friends, as there is no possible chance of their ever replying. and either wounding or defeating the aggressor in a verbal conflict. Clauses in wills which are highly calculated to grieve or enrage those whom they concern afford much amusement. and perhaps a little instruction, to others not interested or acquainted with the injured parties; at all events, they give an insight into the workings of that wonderful and complicated construction called the human mind. Not knowing how much the testators have suffered during their lives from their relatives, it is quite impossible to decide where sympathy is to be expended, or if it be less gailing to receive a reproach without a bequest than it is to receive a bequest with a reproach. The extracts from the two following wills are cases in point

In 1772, John G—e, Esq., of Surrey, died leaving a will containing this clause: "Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very uneasy by ---, my wife, for many years from our marriage, by her turbulent behavior; for she was not content with despising my admonition, but she contrived every effort to make me unhappy; she was so perverse to her na-ture that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me; the strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrchus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Hermogenes could not have been sufficient to subdue ner; for no skill or force in the world would make her good; and as we had lived separate and apart from each other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me, therefore I give her one shilling only. To be furnished with such a character, and then cut off with a shilling, is really too cruel. It is not wives alone who suffer, as will be seen from the next extract, but sisters both

married and single receive their share of reproach and sarcasm. In this will of Dr. Dunlop's nowever, there is some compensation for the wounds inflicted. He was of Scotch origin, and a member of Congress. His will contained this amusing clause: "I leave my property of Gairbread and all the property I may be possessed of to my sisters --- and ---: the former because she is married to a minister whom-may God help him!-she hen-pecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for sae is an old maid, and not market rife .... I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it toold John himself, but he would have meited it down to make temperance medals. and that would have been sacrilege. How ever, I leave him my big horn sounf-box; he can only make temperance norn spoons out of that ... I leave my brother in-law Alian my punch-bowl, as he is a big, gauchy man, and likely to do credit to it .... I leave to Parson Chevassie my big silver snaff box, as a small token of gratitute to him for taking my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken....I leave to John Caddell a silver leapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a statternly wife....I leave my silver cup, with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister -, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore necessarily given to hoarding; and also my grandmother's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff. Fifty years ago an Englishman left a will containing the following provisos: "I bequeath to my monkey, my dear and amusing Jacko, the sum of flustering per annum, to be employed for his sole and exclusive use and benefit; to my faithful dog Shock and my well beloved cat, Tib, a pension of £5 sterling; and

desire that, in case of the death of either of the three, the lapsed pension shall pass to the other two, between whom it is to be equally divided. On the death of all three, the sum appropriated to this purpose shall become the property of my daughter Gertrude, to whom I give this preference among my children be cause of the large family she has, and the difficulty she finds in bringing them up." It must have been exceedingly flattering to the daughter to have ranked tourth in her father's affections-first a monkey, then a dog, then a cat, then herself; after all, she outranked the other children, but only because of her numerous progeny. When Monsieur Colombies, a Parisian mer-

chant, died, he left about \$5,000 to a lady of Rouen for having twonty years before refused to marry him, "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor. It is recorded of a rich old farmer that in giving instructions for his will he directed a egacy of £100 to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was made usually in case the widow married again, he doubled the sum; and when told that this was quite contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, "Ay, but him as gets her 'll desarve it.'

The following verse from an old number of Blackwood's Magazine warns all women against making their own wils: "Testators are good; but a feering more tender Springs up when I think of the femini is gender; The testatrix for me, who, inke Telemande's Unweaves at one time what she wove at another;

She bequeaths, she repents, she recalls a donation; And she ends by revoking ner own revocation; Still scribbang or scratching some new cod.cil— Oh, success to the woman who makes her own Wills in rhyme are rare. In a case decided in the Probate Court in 1875 the testator made

Bequeath all I have named nerein To Marguet, my dearest wide, To have and hold as hers for il'e. While in good health and sound in mind, This codicil I've undersig red." Another curious specimen of a will in rhyme is that of a Mr. Wm. Jackett, of Islington, Middlesex, proved in 1789: "I give and bequeath,

. I, having neither kith nor kin,

a codicil to his will as follows.

When I'm laid underneath, To my two loving sisters mest dear, The whole of my store, Were it twice as much more, Which God's goodness has granted me here.

"And that no one may prevent This my will and intent. Or occasion the least law racket,
With a solemn appeal,
I confirm, sign, and seal
This, the true act and deed of WILL JACKET.

Elizabeth and Ann,

[Hurper's Weekly. Little Johnnie's "Piece" on Owls. When you come to see 'em close they got offle big eyes, but wen you feel 'ein with yur fingers, which thay bites, you find they have only got jest enuf meat to hold there fethers to gether. Once there was a man tho he would like a owl for a pet, so he tole the bird man to send him the best one in the shop; but wen it was brot home he look at it and skeweezed it, but it didn't suit. So the man he rote a letter to the bird man, and said: "Dear Sir:-I take my pen in hand to inform you I'll keep the owl wich you have sent, tho it ain't like I wanted, but wen it is dead you must make me a other, with little eyes, cos I spose these is bout No. 12's, but if I pay you he same price for No. 6's mebby you can af-ord to put in more owl." Owls is very wise, but my sisters yung man says anybody cude be wise if they wude set up nites, like owls, for to take notice. That

feller is a coming to our house agin, jest as he used to, only more, and when I ast him what made him come so much, he said he was a man of science, like me, and was a studdyin orny thology, wich was birds; I ast him what birds ne was a studyn, and he said angels, and wen he said it my sister she look out of the winder, and said wot a fine day it had turned out to be, but it was rainin cats and dogs wen she said it. I never seen such a goose in my life as that girl, but Uncle Ned, wich has been in Indy and evry were, he says that they are jest that way in Maddygasker.

There was a man's house one nite wich was a spiritlist, and some folks was there wich bleeved in it too, so they ol joined hands, and set down to a table without any supper on it, and turned down the gas lo, just a tiny little bit of life. bit of life. After a wile there was raps, and the man wich thay was in his house said: Wot spirit is present?" but no anser. Then the raps then begun another time, and the man he said the alfabet over and over, bout a hour, and wen there was a rap they took down that letter on a piece of paper, very solema. Jest then a per owl stept ou from under a sofy wunk its big eyes like sleepy, much as to say: "I gess its time this here sayance was goin' home to bed."

A Wisconsin editor illustrated the prevalling extravagance of people now-days by calling attention to the costiy, baby carriages in use, while when he was a baby, they hanled him by the hair of his head.

A little girl who was somewhat out of sorts, but whose exact ailment no one had been able to discover, amended her evening prayer of "God bless papa and mamma," by adding "and cure me if there's anything the matter with me."- Boston Transcript. You may pray till you die, but the Lord will never forgive you for shooting a man in the back," said Bowler, on being shot by Hol-

liday, in Collinsbury, La. They were negro farm hands. Bowler soon died, and Holliday was so impressed by his words that he has twice tried to kill himself. A newspaper in Eureka, Nev., declares that a silk hat draws attention to the wearer in that rude town, a cane gives rise to omin-ous mutterings, eyeglasses cause the gather-ing of a mob, and kid gloves lead at once to a

ETHEREAL MILDNESS.

Now all the air the breath of springtime holds, Spring flowers delight and polar waves provoke While shellered gien and barn-yard fence enfolds The wind anemene and Shanghai crocus.

Long ere the Christian world forsak lits bed He crows as never " Archimides's crew;" In mossy fells" the violet hidesits and,

And, like the business-men looks awful blue So where the nodding ferns in slumber lie, The parple greens in crimson active sleep: And on the calm, unruffed sins (187)

The tints of morning midnight vigits keep. The last red grayling-But it appears to us this is becoming entirely too Tennysonian for the ordinary mend to grasp. We will save the rest for a magazine

article or seit it to Joseph Cook.

"Whatever a "fell" is We are not just positive what it is, but we know it occurs very frequently in poetry, and we have an idea that it grows in the woods. | Burlington Hawkeye.

Terrible Ride of an Aeronaut.

M. Lavelle, the young aronaut who gave a

balloon ascension at Falls Field a few days ago, was advertised to perform the same feat in Victor yesterday, but it so happened that the people were given an opportunity of witnessing a sight not down in the bills and one that not many of them would care to see repeated. M. Lavelle makes his ascensions by aid of a hot air baloon to which is attached i trapeze, and on this slender bar the intrepid aronaut hangs by his legs, one arm, or neck and performs other feats not par icularly pleasant for nervous people to gaze upon. At Victor, his balloon was inflited within about a rod of the old brick hotel, and when the air had become sufficiently heated, he stepped forward dressed in his tights, and grasping the trapeze bar in his hand, gave the signal for the men to cut the monster loose. The order was obeyed, but, thanks to some one's blunder, one of the guy ropes held fast, which caused the balloon to careen terribly before the cord snapped, and then as it shot upward with resistless force, it swung the unfortunate man toward the brick wall. He saw his danger, but was powerless to avert it, and in a second he struck against the wall with a sickening thud. The people could see that he was badly hurt, but he retained his grip upon the bar and was drawn up the side of the building, tearing off the wooden cornice and then sailed out into the clear air. The people were horror-stricken, and many turned away their heads in expectation of the awful fall. but happily the man's nerve did not forsake him in the terrible emergency. Slowly and painfully he pulled himself up until he able to throw one leg over the bar, and with his shoulder partly resting against one of the ropes, he waited until the balloon should have spent its force and commence to descend. At one time he was seen to sway as if attacked by a sudden faintness, and then it was thought that he must surely fall, but he recovered himself in a moment and secured a firmer po-

The balloon continued to spend upward, and in a short time it had reached a high altitude, while the body of the man could barely be dis-tinguished. Men, women and culidren ran through the fields, following the balloon in its course, and at last, to their inexpressible relief, the air ship commenced to look larger, and a cheer announced that the air was cool ing and that it was coming toward the earth. In about half an hour it came within the reach of a score of outstretched hands, and was secured while the injured man was tenderly cared for. He was taken to a house, and physician was summoned, who pronounced the hurts of a most serious na ure. The left thigh was badly crushed, a bone in the left arm was broken and it was feared that internal injuries had been sustained. Some idea may be obtained of the force with which he struck the wall when it is known that a new pair of shoes which he wore were split open by the violence of the blow. At the latest report last night he was in a dangerous condition, but it was impossible to ascertain the extent of his internal injuries .- [Rochester Demo-

Beaten at Their Own Trade. As for that strike which I have casually

mentioned, can you wonder at it? Are not American cotton goods sold in every shop in England, and Lancashire goods being gradually superseded? Some of your readers may remember that over a year ago I wrote two or three letters to you on this subject, and have frequently called attention to it since. Some manufacturers here say that "overproduction" is the cause of all the distress and difficulty in Lancashire. They deceive themselves. They are beaten at their own trade, and that is why they are losing their customers. American cotton is finer in quality and cheaper in price than English cotton, and people therefore prefer the former to the latter. I have stated this fact in newspapers here as well as in my letters to you, and been occasionally attacked as "unpatriotic," as if I had made inferior cotton. You might as well call the man an incendiary who runs for a fire-engine to put out a blaze next door. When in York I was often accused of being "too Eng-Now that I am here I am assailed for not being English enough. I should like to find some place where I should pass muster and be pronounced "just right." It is not my fault that Lancashire has been putting too much size in her cotton, or has allowed Massachusetts and the Lonsdale mills to outstrip her. Over a year ago I showed you that this was the case. Since then trade has constantly been going from bad to worse. Some of the mill owners are nearly ruined, and at least the majority of them have proposed a reduction in wages of ten per cent. This the men will not lisen to, and so in Preston, Blackburn and other centres of the cotton industry they have turned out by the thousand. But will this bring back trade? Will it improve the circumstances of masters or men? We all know that it will have the contrary effect. A long time must elapse before the loss caused, even by a fortnight's strike, will be made up. Meanwhile the Wamsutta mills and the Lonsdale mills, whose mark I see on half the cottor exhibited in London shop windows, will not stop production because the Preston lads are out on strike. Quite the contrary. It is but the beginning of a long series of troubles in Lancashire. The trade has been mismanaged and neglected, and the course of "economic legislation has not been favorable to it. Consequently it is now in a state of decay. If that decay is not arrested the race of "cotton princes" will soon be extinct, and the greatest trade in England will become substantially a thing of the past.—[Louis J. Jennings' London Letter to N. Y. World. "IT'S A REMARKABLE CASE," J. H. Eberle,

of Buffalo, said in the rotunda of the Astor House: "but it's a fact that Jonathan R. Bass, of Cambria, Niagara county, hasn't a joint in his body. He went to bed in 1857, and he has never been out of it since. He can't move even a finger. I remember when he ran as captain of a canal boat between Buffalo and Rochester, in 1850. He was getting stiff then, and couldn't do any work. He had to quit canalling, and then he went to bookkeeping. His joints kept getting stiffer and stiffer. Doc tors couldn't do him any good. At last he had to give it up, and for twenty-one years he has been abed at the farm homestead of his family between Lockport and Lewiston. His trouble commenced in '48. A pain shot through the bottom of his right foot that tumbled him to the ground. The foot commenced to swell, got to be almost twice its natural size. The stiffness in the joints followed. Now Bass is literally a bone man. There is no more bend to his legs, arms and body than there is to a marble statue. You can take hold of his feet, and, some one else his head, lift him up like a stick of wood. His arms are as fast to his sides as if they were nailed there. For eight years af er he went to bed he could move his arms, but the joints finally became solid bone. They have to feed him with a spoon. His jaws are as immovable as his other joints. There is a space between his teeth that is just wide enough to get victuals hrough. In 1869 he became biind. His mind is sound, and he'il talk all day with you, if you have the patience to wait for him, as he speaks with difficulty.' [N. Y. Sun.

A STRANGE AND SUDDEN DEATH.-Captain Jame Taylor, an old and esteemed citizen, died suddenly at his residence, No. 113 Spruce He commenced business life in a shipyard, and was for a number of years a caulker, having charge of a gang. Subsequently he started an office as a shipping master at the foot of Lombard street, forty years ago, in partnership with a man named James Hughes. He had placed out his savings at interest, and about a year ago, having failed to receive his interest, he went to his agent to make inquiries and was told that he had himself collected his principal, and subsequently was informed that a man by the name of Hand, who recently disappeared from his place of business, had received the money. About three weeks ago, when he was finally told of the way in which he had lost his money, he fell in a fit and has been much debilitated since. On the day of his death he ate his dianer as usual and smoked his pipe afterwards, and went and placed the latter in its usual place in the dining-room and returned to the parlor. It was then 1 o'clock, and he had hardly reached the door when he staggered, caught at the door as he fell, and dropped on the middle of the floor. He was picked up immediately, and died in ten minutes. His son, who was playing an engagement with Madame Janauschek at Providence, R. I., re ceived a telegram announcing his father's death at noon of Saturday, just as he was in rehearsal, and started for home immediately, reaching here at noon yesterday.-[Phila Telegraph, 13th. Nearly 1,100 immigrants acrived in New

York Wednesday, the largest number for any one day this year. Gold mining is being practically developed in Georgia. The state has 26 active mines operating 260 stamps, which average \$100 per stamp. The feat of singing for three consecutive hours was attempted by a woman yesterday in the Cooper institute. Of course she succeeded.—[N. Y. Herald. COAL AND WOOD.

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